

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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THERE are said to be 365 colleges in this country,—one for every day in the year. The fact suggests the familiar text, "Strengthen the things that remain"!

THE discourse by J. R. Effinger, published in our supplement this week, was given in Warren, Ill., in response to a request for a sermon on the "Fall of Man." It is to be used as a missionary document throughout Jo Daviess county.

THERE is so much namby-pamby in religion to-day that many people are in doubt whether their own drift is toward Romanism or atheism. In such a case let loyalty begin at this end of the line. Begin by being sincere, continue by being useful, and end at least by being noble.

LEOPARD skin cloaks seem to be the latest in fashion; they cost from \$500 and upward. A woman who seems to know about it says that the new fashion will probably give the seals a rest, the people who catch leopards a fresh run of excitement, and the manufacturers a chance to exercise their ingenuity in getting out leopard-skin cotton plushes.

"THE Over-growth of Institutions" is the suggestive title of an article in the *International Record of Charities and Reform*. When will our civilization outgrow the institutionalizing tendency and reach the higher levels of personal power and watchfulness? If every ten strong men and women undertook to see through life one dependent or defective person, the needs of institutions would rapidly decrease.

THE success of Christianity, either as a whole or in part, has been so great as to warrant admiration, gratitude and great expectation, but not so great as to justify complacency or a conservative satisfaction with things as they are. No branch of Christendom is doing work to-day that is not so imperfect as to challenge a new investigation of the methods and a fresh inquiry into their principles. Let not mental inquiry or spiritual inquiry cease.

THE wave of indignation against the Slaughter of the Innocents, we fear, has not succeeded in permanently staying the barbarity. In any congregation of, presumably, praying women you come upon the helpless wings and the impaled bodies of scores of the beautiful minstrels. We are indebted to a friend for this clipping from one of the "Amber Letters" in the *Journal* of this city:

"What do you think is ever going to turn a woman's heart against the follies and tyrannies of fashion? If Mephistopheles himself were to appear in a blue flame, and say he had come to carry off all who wore dead birds on their hats, the vast majority of fashionable women would signify their readiness to go rather than deny their goddess. I sat in a convention of women the other day and counted twenty-nine slaughtered birds. And these blessed women were improving their minds with ethical sciences and historic research! I attended church the other evening, when a noted divine was preaching about God's pity, to a congregation of pretty barbarians who wore His murdered minstrels, His slaughtered harpers on their bonnets. Do you know what I am waiting for? I am only waiting until I get to be a sweet-voiced, gray-haired old woman, and then every time I see a girl with a blue-bird on her hat, or a matron with a robin on her bonnet, I'm going to say, 'My dear, let us pray!' And if I don't pray that daughter of wrath into some conception of her cruelty, then there is no efficacy in the fervent prayer of an aged mother in Israel."

THE EXPEDIENT VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

When scholarship fails to maintain the infallible theory of the bible there are many who ask purely on practical grounds whether the more rational, consistent interpretation of the book does not rob it of a certain practical power, and whether indeed men have not been helped into strength and peace by the logic of the miraculous more than they can be by that of the natural. By making of the bible one of the great literatures of the world, by limiting Moses and his associates within the circle of human nature and planting the feet of Jesus even firmly upon the ground, sanctifying the whole earth by insisting that he walked upon it, the manliest man among men, do we not lose a certain power for good?

The first answer to these questions is, if we are to preserve the sanctities of the soul we must beware of the logic of expediency. Who are we that we should presume to judge of results and to modify the truth for our would-be practical ends, as though God did not know enough to attend to his own business. The truly religious question is always what is true, not what is practical, expedient or even helpful. The first condition of any salvation worth having is to prefer truth to everything else. Better freeze, neglected and alone, in a bed of snow with truth for a companion than to sleep in a feather bed tucked in with a lie. We should be ashamed of winning a soul for heaven by any falsehood. Let the glamor of the forty-day deluge story be destroyed, and the bewitching, soothing influence of the Jonah legend be lost if the one story is disproved by

the cumulated testimony of all science, and the other be opposed to all the experiences and observations of life.

Let no doctrine be tested by any other standards than those of reality, even though such tests do doom us through life to live with what seems to be an ineffectual minority and unsuccessful movements. So we are not concerned with the question of the expedient. We leave that logic to the Jesuit, and recommend all those who do not believe in truth for truth's sake, and who are not willing to leave the consequences with God, to hasten into the arms of that brooding mother of expediencies—the Catholic Church. Having said this, we have the right to say more. We do not believe that in the long run anything is *potent* but truth. Nature is but our word for God's methods, and Moses and Jesus, like all the saved and saving ones, from their time to this, were strengthened to their duty by confronting the sublime realities revealed through universal laws, applicable in all times, working in all places. Emerson well says, "There can be no scholar without the heroic mind." "In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended," and "life is our dictionary." The legends of the bible grew like the pine tree out of the rocky fissure of hard realities. They reached their full growth not until the bones of the would-be marvel workers were mouldering in unmarked graves. What was seen and felt at Horeb by the great Hebrew emancipator no one can tell. One thing alone is sure, that it was not that which appears in the suggestive legend of the burning bush, in which the poetic heart of a grateful nation enshrined it. The executioners on Calvary, nor yet the faithful few who stood at the foot of the cross, saw no God dying, only a Nazarene reformer, submitting with heavenly patience to his grim fate. After ages saw the glory, draped it in miracle, and made it, as it was, Divine. We believe that the experience both of the individual and the race proves the *might* of truth, and in the long run, the only lines upon which God can be interpreted. We shall find that the world has been saved by the near sanctities, not by distant glories; by honesty, not by credulity; by searching, not by hoarding; by faithfulness, rather than by faith, even if by faith we understand what ought never to be understood, intellectual complacency in the presence of open questions, the absence of mental anxiety for a larger vision of truth.

CATHOLICS AND FREEDOM.

It would have to be a wise man who could absolutely predict what is finally to result from this McGlynn agitation in New York. In the meantime, a great deal that transpires is very interesting, and is intimately connected with religious progress. It would be interesting to know how much the indignation of Catholic friends of the deposed priest is owing to personal attachment and how much is an unconscious resistance to the church itself, and whether, broadly considered, some individual revolt is not likely to ensue among the wiser, freer heads of the Catholic masses. The main difficulty encountered by any hope for the latter contingency lies in the almost total absence of independent theological thinking from the adherents of the church. Michael Davitt, while in New York, indicated the mental abasement which has become a habit with his fellow-believers by expressing an entire willingness to resign all religious thinking to Rome. Then, in order that he and others may satisfy their consciences, they cry "Hands off!" in matters of political moment, just as if life's work was parcelled out in lots not mutually related to each other. A warm protest, therefore, which, with other bodies more nearly sympathetic with freedom, would mean something portentous, may here be but the speck in a summer's sky. It is lamentable that a happy independence may go to such length and yet tremble when at the very portals of the temple. "Freedom in religion" is an impossible thought to those who take the stand of the rebellious Catholics, and yet freedom in politics is so condi-

tioned upon the higher, the spiritual freedom, that the one must attend the other as mother and child, and no establishment of either can long avail if it aims, in coming to its own estate, to deny its responsibility to the other. Among the independent thinkers of to-day no faith has effected such profound results as this. The New York men are wild with their one just thought, and no sympathetic person can question their ambition to pursue it. But the broader question, whether religion is not a thing for the whole man rather than for a part of him, is one which the world is to-day answering in the affirmative, and to which the Catholic Church, ever in the rear as affected by progress, stumbles and prays against to its best content. Father McGlynn is too good a man to subject his soul to outward authority; his is too gentle a nature to resign the holier instincts to the cruel decisions of an external hand. And yet it may be that he will persuade himself that this faculty of reason, once over the borderland from the world of government, is evermore to be but shadow and pretense. For Cardinal Newman has done the thing before him and has elaborately justified himself in it, and what may be virtuous in one is so in another! The whole possibility of such a result is abhorrent to those who most highly reverence the spiritual nature of man. It throws a gloom over an otherwise most hopeful disturbance. If Catholics could but see the danger of their position! In Rome's emphasis may there not be eye-openers for an individual here and there in the darkness? It is needless, immoral, in fact, for Liberals to hide the wide divergence from their own lives in all this singular mental torpor on the part of Catholics. In the soul of a liberated man the question of a higher authority than that of his own conscience could never enter. The portentous, sad fact in the attitude of the New York Catholics is their trembling before the danger that Rome might decide this land question to be a religious one, in which case the protesters would have to surrender. But can virtue be other than itself by the mere attachment of other terms to its existence? If the common land for the American community embodies a just principle, looked at from America, can it be another thing taken under the Roman skies? And what power other than the conscience can decide the issue? For the divine is in man—is in the enlightened conscience—and Rome itself, though perhaps in long after-days, must recognize that supreme authority under whatever agency uttered.

H. L. T.

Contributed Articles.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

I.

Together on the shore we stand
And count the sails that fringe the sea,
And wonder if there yet shall be
Among the ships that touch the land
Some heavy-freighted argosy,
With treasure just for him and me
To use and give with lavish hand!

His arm about my neck is flung,
His brave voice utters words of cheer;
But I remember how, each year,
Defeat has kept forever young,
While hope grew old, infirm and sear,
And now is ready for the bier—
(Dear hope, to thee so long we clung!)

We count the sails far out at sea
Upon the blue horizon's rim;
We strain our eyes till sight grows dim,
But nowhere rideth proud and free

Our ship "Good Luck"—but spectres grim
Across the waves before us skim;
Naught else will come to him or me!

II.

But no! we yet shall see our ship, my friend,
Come sailing into port with treasures freighted,
Although its coming may be long belated,
And failure throttle us till earth-days end.

And to the fairest port of that fair world,
Where none shall know dark nights of loss and wrong,
And hope, re-born, shall sing eternal song,
And victory's banner ever be unfurled.

The proudest ship of all that sail the sea
Will come; her bosom holding wealth untold,
And on her prow in characters of gold
Her name engraved—"Good Luck"—for you and me!

What matters—now or then, or here or there?
Eternity is long and triumph sure;
Our failures for a moment may endure,
But all at last a victor's crown shall wear.

GEORGE RUSSELL LEWIS.

WHAT IT MEANS TO CHOOSE.

Disguise it as we will, talk as we will of the force of circumstances and cruel fate, the fact remains that each human being chooses what he will be and do. At every turn life says to us, "This or that you may have; this or that you may do." Seldom, almost never, are both this and that possible to us, and we choose some ill, and it brings wretchedness. This is right, and only right, for so we learn the better way. But those who choose well are not always happy, and this is wrong. The difficulty, as I conceive it, lies in the fact that we do not realize what it means to choose. A choice always means this or that, never this and that. We have a smile for the child who cries because he cannot eat his cake and have his cake, but how many of us are guilty of a like folly?

Much, *most*, of the unhappiness of our homes is to be attributed to this cause. Saying nothing of father and children to whom it equally applies, let us look at the mother whose influence largely determines the home atmosphere. I know many women—you all know them—whose lives are one long sacrifice to the welfare of others. They neglect no duty; every service which can contribute to the health and pleasure of husband or child is punctiliously performed, night and day; they are always ready to spend and be spent for others. No absence of good deeds here! Yet their lives are not beautiful. Their thoughts are often bitter and repining, and many are weak enough to pity themselves.

On talking with such a woman you find that she thinks her lot a hard one. She enjoys society, loves reading, music, art, and her circumstances compel her to a wearying round of household duties. Her work and cares exhaust her mentally and physically, and she has neither thought nor leisure for books and society. In short, she is a drudge.

"But", you say to her, "leave all this. Your life is your own to do what you please with. You have all the time there is. Books are accessible to you. The best society is open to you. Go read, study, enjoy yourself—live the life which seems best to you." She, however, protests, "I cannot; my duties to my husband and children forbid it."

My dear woman, do you not see that you choose these duties in preference to pleasure and mental culture? They seem to you better; they are better. But do not so cheat yourself. Do not rob yourself and those you love of the

fruits of your work. The only real reward of good deeds is being good. A life of sacrifice and unselfish labor should bring you ripe character, calm peace, sweet love. These are the natural results of good acts. These are the highest outcome of all living. These should be yours—make your thoughts as loyal as your acts, and they will be yours.

We should realize that when we say, "I will do my duty", we make a choice, and this choice means a renunciation of all that is incompatible with duty. Having thus chosen the highest possible to us, is it not pitiable weakness to lament because with the best we cannot have the second best?

L. M. B.

A LIFE'S RECORD.

On hearts alone are records deep engraved,
Those tablets hidden far from outward sight,
Though seen by living deeds in perfect light,
When willing hands have wrought the work which saved
The weaker ones from wounds, when men have craved
To hush the moan of woe, and e'er unite
As brothers in that simple creed of Right,
Whose tenets true have never been enslaved.

A purpose pure makes holy every thought
Fulfilled in act, and by a Faith sublime
We speak with God, nor wait for passing time
To break our bonds, for holy lives are taught
That sweet communion, binding heaven and earth,
Leading the spirit to the soul's new birth.

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI.

PARISH WORK AND WORKERS.

THE LADIES' SOCIETY.

Nearly every church has its Ladies' Society, and finds it either good, bad or indifferent. Sometimes it is the right arm of the church, and without which it would languish or perish. Its work is threefold, or may be, or it may confine itself to any one or two of the three objects. It may be organized on a financial, a charitable or a social basis. Some of these societies devote themselves entirely to money raising. I may say that is the leading feature of most of them in Unitarian churches. They raise the money for the choir, the sexton, the expenses of conferences, of the Sunday-school, to help out the minister's salary, or to make repairs on the church or the organ, and various little or larger expenses that the standing committee is glad to have taken off its hands and might not make vigorous effort to meet. I think as a rule the Ladies' Society has a finer sense of exact right and justice, and a keener insight into what is needed and proper than any other church organization. Men organizations, committees and the like will let things go at loose ends, such as women would straighten out and attend to promptly. So, as a financial helpmeet in the church, the Ladies' Society is all-important and indispensable, and cannot have too much support and confidence by all the congregation and people.

Then, the Ladies' Society is, or may be, the organ of charity. Its funds may go to needy families for clothes, bread or fuel, or for paying nurses for sick poor people, or supplying watchers for the sick during nights, or to relieve the other members of the family during the day; or it may send fruit, flowers and all manner of sick-room delicacies to the invalid and the convalescent; or it may send carriages to take invalids out in the open air; or it may get young people to go into families where there are aged or blind people, or other invalids, to read a few hours a day to them from some good book. That is a charity which might be greatly appreciated, but would need no money, and would be excellent for the persons serving, to make them kind and thoughtful and unselfish. But the great

cry of Unitarian people is that they have no poor in their churches; and yet this is hardly true of many parishes; it is not true of any city or town, or of many people not going to church or Sunday-school, and wretchedly poor, and mean. It is a great question how best to help the poor, but probably it is by helping them to help themselves. Money given outright is often worse than wasted. There should be associated charities in all places, then giving and doing for the poor will amount to something, and two or three sewing societies will not be helping certain poor people at the same time, and encouraging idleness and shiftlessness, while more deserving poor suffer for needful things, which careful way of treating the matter would also be a fine thing to bring the churches nearer together in love as well as in practical charities. But every church sewing society should sew and work for the poor somewhere.

The Ladies' Society, Sewing Circle, or whatever name may be given to it, may be a very effective agent in promoting the social life of the church. It may organize and run tea parties, parish suppers, festivals, socials, in the vestry, or at the homes, or in halls; these things may all be of very great value to the church. The social life of our parishes is by no means a matter of small concern. If there is no social life, one of the greatest and most effective means of building up the society is wanting. Sometimes the Unity Club manages both social and literary matters. No matter who or what does it, only that it be done. The ladies know how to do these things, and to financial and charitable objects the social is of great value.

Now, I think it well to combine these three elements and objects. The Ladies' Society is needed for the social life of the church; and when that is active, and all the people of the society are one in its enjoyment and promotion—there being no cliques, jealousies or selfish personal ambitions to gratify, each and all sharing in it with democratic and kind feelings toward each other—there is a solid corner-stone on which to build. It is needed for charities such as I have mentioned; even though the cases may be few, yet it is worth while to care for that few in the way a church can do it, and save the shame and coldness of public charity. Here is a case in point: Our own Ladies' Society is taking care of a poor, sick woman, wife and mother, paying a nurse and arranging for one lady of the society to take special care of her for a week, and then another, sending—no, *carrying*—her in little delicacies, combing her hair and fixing her up, leaving a bouquet of flowers and a smiling, hopeful face as they go away.

No church is a church that has no organization of this kind, and if it is not organized, it will not be a reliable or an efficient charity. But why confine it to our own society? Let it begin there, but extend to all the neighborhood, to the uncared-for and the general unwashed. And, then, what good it will do the ladies thus to enter into the sorrows and sympathies of these people, and how it will tend to make the whole church more truly Christian! The society is needed for money-raising. Some say no, it all comes out of the gentlemen's pockets, and what difference does it make? It makes this difference, that it takes the ladies to draw it out of the pockets and to give pleasure enough in return, if the money is not considered. I know a certain Mrs. Horne ran her bank into the ground; but as for all minor financial matters of a church, let them go into the ladies' hands, who should always be represented on the standing committee of the church.

Let there be, then, a live, earnest Ladies' Society, taking in old and young, rich and poor, and looking after this three-fold branch of church life and work. And I should say, let them insist that the gentlemen shall all join as annual honorary members, paying their dollar and serving on committees and sharing in the social pleasures of the church. There will always be some who will not interest themselves in this society; indeed, it is only a dozen or two of the best workers of the church who take special interest in it. This surprises me; it always troubles me.

Suppose it isn't run just as you like; still insist on your ideas and try to make it what it ought to be, and try to have it managed rightly, but go. The way to help a matter is not to abandon it. That is killing it.

It is now being asked whether Christianity has ever done much for women; but a more practical question is, how much is woman doing for Christianity? I think she is doing much. But for her there would be no church-life—no church in five years. But for her our churches and Sunday-schools would be closed. She is the life, the soul of the church. She keeps the fire on the altars alive; three-fourths of all the worshipers are of her sex; she attends to all the charities and to the financial odds and ends, besides now and then making up salaries, paying choirs, sextons, fixing up the pastor's room and desk at church, etc. What doesn't she—what does any one else do? Let the Ladies' Society be central in the organization of the society and receive the help and gratitude of the gentlemen of the church. Ladies, be ye helpers of the church, of the Sunday-schools, of the pastor, and kindle all things with your love, your zeal and your religious devotion.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FALL RIVER, Massachusetts.

A SONG OF FAITH.

Be strong, my soul, be strong!
Does not the Father send
Unto thee daily some new proof
His love will never end?

Be strong, my soul, be strong!
What time the shadows fall
Do thou but listen, thou shalt hear
The heavenly Father's call.

Be strong, my soul, be strong!
The way seems rough and steep—
He sends His staff to comfort thee
And bids thee cease to weep.

Be strong and full of faith,
In hope and love be strong,
And God will guide thee to a rest
That will be sweet and long.

WILLIAM S. LORD.

GOOD DESIRES AND THEIR END.

Massillon, the great French preacher, said: "Vainly do you flatter yourselves, you will die such in character as you are to-day. All those impulses toward change with which you amuse yourselves, you will amuse yourselves with them down to the bed of death. Such is the experience of all generations. The only thing new you will then find in yourselves will be, perhaps, a reckoning a trifle larger than that which you would to-day have to render; and according to what you would be if you were this moment to be judged, you may almost determine what will befall you at the termination of your life." Massillon's statement is simply philosophy—is daily experience. Every year renders the favorable moral change less likely. We seem hurried on toward destiny as by the current of Niagara. The force of this current none can guess until they have tried to resist it. Then they know and realize it. This knowledge deepens as they rise and fall, out of and back into, the old place. Men may mock at this simple fact and scorn its teachers, but it remains a fact and a fearful fact, too. We repeat that none can know the force of the evil tides within and without until they have tried to stem those tides. And it is our honest impression—impression worn deep like a river-bed by observation and experience—that, while one may do much to help himself, he usually requires outside and also supernatural help. We must *will* and we must *do*, but is it not "God that worketh in us to will and to do"? So, is not successful, thorough reformation in

very great degree a transformation? For, is there not more to overcome than the unaided human powers are able to accomplish? The allurements of ambition, the temptations of sense, the hourly bias of circumstance, the domineering habit, the weakened moral nature, the partial wreck of will through broken resolutions, the sad decay of holy ambition—oh! need we say more?—all these bearing us down toward ruin. Do I hear you say, "He is an alarmist"? So be it, if only you and I shall heed the alarm. God and tender personal relations to Him are the personality and the means chiefly by whom and by which we rise into conditions happy, holy and, in some sense, supreme.

W. W. FELLOWS.

UPWARD-LOOKINGS FOR MORNING HOURS.

[Used in the religious services of the Unitarian Society, Geneva, Illinois.]

II.

Breathed upon and animated and blest by the life-energy of the universe, in which life we live and of which we are a part, we would be grateful for existence and for the beautiful world about us, with its changing seasons, its sunshine and rain and dew, its days of warmth and springing life, its days of cloud and storm, heat, wet, cold, dry and peace and pain—all things that go to the upbuilding of men and to the developing of grain and grass and flower and fruit for man's benefit. We would not be ungrateful. Life well-lived is good. Truth and beauty of spirit and purity of heart make life a blessedness and delight. The universe is in league with those who seek for rightness of life. May we make the most of our opportunities, building ourselves up in every possible way; that, as the future slowly unfolds before us, we may see ourselves and the world of men about us, through our efforts, growing better and stronger and happier and more upright.

May holy ambition be ours. May divine aspiration be ours. May fuller, larger life be ours. May we say to the hurry and turmoil and care and grief and temptation of life, Ye shall not oppose us! And to the beauty and strength and sweetness, the good and blessedness of life, may we say, Come ye, enter into our souls; dwell with us! Behold, at the door ye stand and knock. And unto you we open gladly, rejoicingly, the inner, most secret, most sacred chambers of our being. Come in! come in! dwell with us, and we with you! AMEN.

A CHAPTER ON TRUTH SEEKING.

There is no end.

Not e'en the poorest flower or grain of dust
But bears the stamp of Immortality.
And from the midst of dire corruption
Springs forth the good and beautiful.
Ne'er tell me of annihilation
Or damned torture of the heavenly soul.
As well call Truth a liar
As try perversion of God's manifest.
O tortured soul, O miserable man,
Incarnate in whose bosom
Lies the dread belief of ages past and gone;
Bound by the fetters of poor, feeble man,
Of ages long gone by.
There is a time when acts live out their good,
When present need o'ercomes
The blessings of the past,
And good becomes the evil of the age.
Growth is the natural end of all.
Growth is the blossoming of the soul.
Stagnation foul, corrupt, means Death.
O soul most beautiful, most fragile,
The purest lily cannot reveal thy beauty.
How wondrous seems thy unfolding,
How subtle, all pervading, is thy spirit.
Nature is God's bible given to man
Filled with the wisdom infinite

Direct from God, divinest of divine,
Direct inspiration, breath of God;
For Religion beautiful, sincere,
Is not confined within poor dusty vellum.
'Tis but a mockery to proclaim
That 'tis within a thousand inky pages;
Nay, a thousand thousand tripled
Cannot contain it all
Or answer to its mysteries.
That that is good, that is the noblest of ideal,
Aim of life and Saviour of man's soul
Is true, and not to be torn down
By impious hands.
But as by finite written, so 'tis finite
Striving to disclose the Infinite.
With trembling, faltering hands 'tis written,
And so is here and there most incomplete.
Retain the good, blot out the evil,
For evil doth creep in where least expected.
The plague may even reach the inmost recess
Of the holy cloister
And goodly souls may perish by it.

W. F. P.

BURIAL OF THE PET BIRD.

This is the name of an engraving hung over the mantel-piece in my room. The engraving is a lovely thing. It is a touching thing. Though not an artist I still believe I have some idea of the beautiful, and that picture, to me, seems to have been made by a real artist. The scenery, the groupings, especially the procession, all so true to life, appear to have been caught by that discerning, prophetic spirit peculiar to the artist rather than to the preacher, or the prophet himself. He chained the procession to the canvas, when that appeared at its best, when it had the best effect! The picture, as I say, is lovely and touching, but it is also extremely suggestive.

There are five distinct groups or parties on the picture. One consists of two children, a boy and a girl, of about seven years of age, who are "hitched up" to the little hand-cart that forms the bird's bier. They look very dismal and sad, but seem to try to reconcile themselves to the inevitable, and willing to render their pet the last services on its journey. Aside with them Baby runs along, a little, chubby thing, with fat round arms and cheeks, innocent, but ignorant of the real import of the whole affair. She, too, has a sad look, but the sadness is not originated by inner reflection so much as by outward refraction from the others round about her. She is simply "going with the crowd"—passive rather than active. Right close to the cart is the faithful household dog. Very faithful indeed; but in his zeal he is overdoing the thing; he is loth to let the pet go, although he knows it is dead! Next to the faithful—is a boy of perhaps five years, a picture "of lamentation and bitter weeping." In one hand he holds tightly the empty cage, and the knuckles of his other hand are pressed into his tearful eye. He appears, in a way, even less sensible than his preceding companion. He is bound to hold on to something tangible. If the pet bird is now of no use, having lost its vitality, he will hold on to the empty, meaningless cage, obstinately ignoring the fact that his pet is dead and gone. And, although on very little reflection he could at once see the absurdity of his conduct, he will not see it, preferring appearances to facts, clinging to the cage after the living, sweet singer that once inhabited it has departed from it forever! Finally there is a couple of boys of about ten years who are resolutely digging the grave for the pet. They are no less sad and mournful than the others. They also have loved the pet dearly. For them, too, there are many precious and much cherished recollections connected with the dead bird. But there is a manliness, a resoluteness in their faces and in their actions, back of and superimposing the sadness. It is bad enough to be afflicted, but it is worse to lack the strength of character to bear the affliction. It is hard to

meet with a loss, but it becomes a great deal harder if we lack the manhood to sustain the loss. A true hero submits to the inevitable. He looks facts in the face, bravely accepting them as they are if he cannot change them. He accepts the situation courageously, and thus becomes master of it. That is what the engraving on my mantelpiece tells me. We, too, had a pet bird once. It is dead a long while since. It imperatively awaits burial. Which of the five persons in the above procession shall we be like unto? The name of our pet bird is—a CREED.

RUDOLF WEYLER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 6, 1886.

THE TRUE LESSON OF PROTESTANTISM.

At the present day it is not the formation of new sects, but the decomposition of the old ones that is the conspicuous phenomenon inviting our attention. . . . The maintenance of an essentially religious attitude of mind is compatible with absolute freedom of speculation on all subjects, whether scientific or metaphysical. . . . The present age is occupied, above all things, in investigating the intimate constitution of the material universe. We are becoming wrapt in the study of origins as the men of the thirteenth century were wrapt in the study of particulars and universals. . . . Unity of belief is no longer either possible or desirable. Once we know unity of belief was held to be of such supreme importance that the faintest whisper of dissent must be punished with torture and death. This feeling of corporate responsibility must have grown in strength through many ages by natural selection, as those tribes in which it was most effectively developed must in general have shown the highest capacity for social organization and must have exterminated or enslaved their neighbors. It was the mainstay and support of priest-hoods. Having so long been favored by natural selection, the feeling of corporate responsibility for conduct and opinion became so deeply grounded in men's minds that it long survived the stage of social development in which it had its origin. Most terrible and conspicuous of the consequences of this deep-rooted feeling has been that fanatical craving for the unity of belief in religious matters which has been the source of some of the worst evils that afflicted mankind. There has come, in complex modern societies, the gradual substitution of the idea of individual responsibility for that of corporate responsibility. The disintegration of orthodoxies which characterizes the present age is simply the further development of the same protest in behalf of individual responsibility for opinion. Instead of condemning variety of belief on such subjects we should rather welcome each fresh suggestion as possibly containing some adumbration of a truth hitherto overlooked. Religious belief in no way concerns society, but concerns only the individual; these matters lie solely between himself and his God. The craving for finality is itself in its various degrees an instinct of the uneducated man, of the child, the savage, and perhaps the brute.—*John Fiske.*

SPIRIT.

No word of guardian e'er could be
What my own conscience is to me;
Though wisdom fail and earth go wrong,
My soul will soar on pinions strong.

H. L. T.

THERE is more religion in a smile than a scowl, more in a kindly temper than the devoutest prayer, more in the life that is radiant with merry thought and bubbling over with healthful cheerfulness than in a sanctity that is measured by stated attendance at worship or regular repetitions of devotional acts.—*Jewish Messenger.*

MORE youthful and beautiful than the ringlets of babyhood is the radiant face of a grandmother crooning Sunrise hymns.

The Study Table.

Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at the Thirteenth Annual Session at St. Paul, Minn., July, 1886. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows, official reporter of the conference. From the press of George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.25. May be obtained of the editor, as well as copies of previous years' proceedings.

The next best thing to attending the National Conference is to buy and study the "Proceedings". No one who takes any interest in the wide areas of social science with which the conference is concerned can do without this volume. It forms a candid statement of the condition of the charitable and correctional institutions of the nation to-day, giving not so much theories (although the most advanced views on such subjects are freely set forth) as the results of actual practice, and this is because the various speakers and writers reported are with very few exceptions practical men and women, whose daily business it is to conduct the work of which they tell.

The report is divided into seventeen chapters, each of which treats of the department in charge of one committee. Of these the more important are those on Preventive Work among Children (under which head the Kitchen Garden System is reported, although the Kindergarten, its first cousin, has a chapter to itself), Prison Reform, the Organization of Charity, Provision for the Insane, and Provision for Imbeciles. Under each of these headings will be found thoughtful and valuable papers, and under some of them essays to which the word "brilliant" is not inappropriate. Especially do the papers on Prison Reform deserve mention; from some of them it is hard to turn away without making extracts. The committee on Organization of Charity presents among other valuable matter a report and essay on the tramp question, in which for the first time is offered a collection of statistics from every state and territory. The chapter on Preventive Work includes a wise and loving essay on the Children of the State, by a former president of the conference, whose life's work it is to care for those who have no one else to care for them.

Outside the work of the regular committees there are several notable papers and addresses which call for special mention. The Catholic Bishop of Minnesota recounted "The System of Charities of the Catholic Church" concerning which a Catholic friend says, "It is a beautiful speech and they are beautiful charities, but there is no such thing as a *system* of charities in the Catholic Church." An ex-President of the United States made a remarkable speech on the prison question, and a Jewish rabbi pronounced a beautiful and touching eulogy on the late Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, whose memory as an early friend and regular attendant at its sessions the conference delighted to honor.

Of the debates, which occupy eighty of the four hundred and seventy pages of the book, the most interesting reading is in those on the immigration report and on preventive work, the former being really a notable occasion.

The book is well made, printed in clear, readable type, on good paper. There are indexes of subjects and also of speakers and writers. A list of delegates by states shows that twenty-two states and territories were represented. A fine heliotype of the President of the conference faces the title page.

A. J.

Sunday-School Lessons on Lives and Deeds. Series for 1886-87. No. II. Hebrew Prophets and Kings. By Rev. Henry G. Spaulding. With notes and questions. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon street, publishers.

This little volume is made up of chapters concerning the prophets Samuel, Elijah and Elisha, and the kings Saul, David and Solomon. The stories, as retold by Mr. Spaulding, are the result of the acceptance of the conclusions of the new scientific criticism of the Old Testament as literature. This literature is described as a mosaic, some parts

showing the truth as through a clear glass, others through glass so highly colored that the truth cannot become visible to us at all. In his notes, Mr. Spaulding says:

"The history of Samuel and Saul is given in First Samuel, a book which appears to have been compiled during the exile by a prophet who used older writings and traditions. . . . We must bear constantly in mind the long time that separates the written records from the periods they describe. Nor should we forget that these writings, like all histories of a remote past, reflect to a certain extent the views and feelings of the time when they were composed. . . . The stories of Elijah and Elisha are a mixture of history and legend."

Again, in his notes concerning David, we find the following:

"That David did not write a single one of the Psalms contained in the Hebrew Psalter is the opinion of such eminent biblical scholars as Dr. Kuenen, of Holland; Dr. Wellhausen, of Germany; Prof. W. Robertson Smith, of Scotland, and Prof. Toy, of Harvard University."

The standpoint of these critics seems to be the one frankly taken by Mr. Spaulding, and if our Sunday-schools can be brought to study the Old Testament according to the scientific method in which these critics have approached it, doubtless great good will be accomplished. But in the little book before us, the stories of these ancient prophets and heroes reappear almost exactly as they have been conceived from time immemorial, that is, both kings and prophets are represented as great and worthy men. This, we think, is not exactly the writer's intention. He wished, no doubt, to preserve what could be rationally accepted of the old stories, but he has followed the old narratives so closely that the impression upon the mind of a young reader will probably be the same as he would receive from reading the Bible story without note or comment. Of course Mr. Spaulding introduces each narrative with some such phraseology as "as the story goes", but he does not use such phraseology often enough to make any impression upon the mind of a child. And the following defense of Samuel seems really pernicious:

"The act of Samuel in hewing Agag to pieces 'before the Lord' was to the Hebrew mind wholly justifiable, and is in no way inconsistent with the character of that ancient prophet. . . . In Samuel's time the chieftain of the Amalekites had certainly no exceptional claim to be spared the fate of the people he had led into battle. And we know the destruction of this cruel tribe and its savage leader delivered the Hebrews from one of its most dangerous enemies, and so enabled them to establish their kingdom and fulfill their destiny. The most valuable lesson we learn from the life of Samuel is found in its illustration of the beauty of a holy character."

The little book will no doubt serve a useful purpose in leading Sunday-school teachers to the higher standpoint of modern criticism, but it will surely be found, as time passes on, that these old stories cannot be saved as true, either historically or ideally. There is too much of the after-time in them for history, and the theology and the ethics of that after-time, even, were too imperfect, retained too much of barbaric cruelty, to be presented to our children in any fashion that shall omit stern and almost entire condemnation.

U.

Memoirs of the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, D.D., Late Professor of History and Political Economy in Brown University. Compiled from his Letters, Journals and Writings, and the Recollections of his Friends. By Caroline Hazard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 363. Gilt top. Price \$2.

The art of writing biography, in which so few are adepts, is clearly one in which the author of this volume is well versed. Miss Hazard takes for her subject a man little known outside his native State; a man neither a genius nor an eccentric, and whose equal every State can boast; but so true is her eye in discerning the noteworthy features of a character or life, so well has she mastered the art of entertaining composition and compilation, and so well acquainted is she personally with that subject, that what in many another's hands had been made a work chiefly of interest to Rhode Islanders in hers is made of deep interest to lovers of biography everywhere. Professor Diman was a descendant of Benjamin Franklin and son of Governor Byron

Diman, of Rhode Island. He was born in Bristol May 1, 1831, and died in Providence February 3, 1881—a life of less than fifty years, but so upright, useful and progressive that, however limited its sphere, it is well worthy to be embalmed in this form. Miss Hazard, in her preface, recognizes the limitations which are every biographer's, for she says, "the little courtesies, the constant overflow of a pure and scholarly spirit, the subtle graces of mind and manner that made the man, these defy analysis and resent chronicle"; yet we are given so evidently personal an impression here as to be in some degree as satisfactory a likeness of the subject as such analysis and chronicle could be. The book is divided into fifteen chapters, a list of publications, an index (alphabetical and very full) a sonnet by way of introduction and a set of seven triplets by way of conclusion to the memoirs by the compiler. The arrangement of the work is admirable, prefaced by a table of contents which is reproduced part by part as chapter-heads. It is so compacted as to hold the interest of the reader paragraph by paragraph from first to last. Of the letters of Professor Diman, his journal-notes and writings, it may be said that they show an active, aspiring mind and a heart overflowing with kindness. The book is handsome and substantial outwardly, a fitting garb for so creditable and lasting a life story to wear.

E. R. C.

Brother and Lover: A Woman's Story. By Eben E. Rexford. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, 40 cts.

We believe this is Mr. Rexford's first publication of verse in book form: a piece of blank verse filling about eighty 16mo pages, narrating the experience of a woman who, losing her mother in childhood, gives her chief affection to her only brother under a sense of duty, and refuses the offer of that brother's and her own best friend until said brother is killed in the civil war, when, overwhelmed by her loss, and awakened to a sense of the love which has long existed between that friend and herself, and feeling need of a living lover, she accepts him. The story is plainly from life, reading as if all its incidents had occurred under the writer's eye; is, therefore, entirely probable; it is told with all the womanly tenderness and insight for which its author is noted, and illustrates his favorite views of sentimental and religious subjects. Poetically, it ranks, as a whole, with his best work; there are slack lines not a few, and the seeker after pure poetry would find relatively little in the book, the main value of the lines being spiritual rather than poetical; yet there are numerous passages in which fresh and apt metaphors are presented characteristically and poetically. On all accounts it deserves wide reading. The publisher has given the book a most tasteful dress, and put the contents in type which it is a pleasure to follow.

E. R. C.

Every-day Life. Illustrated by the life of Jesus, with pictures by the masters, and original stories. By Mrs. E. C. Wilson, author of "New Testament Parables." Part I. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

"The lessons of this little manual", to use the words of the preface, "have been prepared with the object of throwing around children a strong influence for right acting, thinking and feeling in every-day life. The events of the life of Jesus, and the beliefs of the Jews, have been used simply as a foundation for this moral teaching; morals cannot be effectively taught in the abstract." The subjects are, "The Madonna and Child", "The Nativity", "Home", "Childhood", "Jerusalem and the Temple", "Jesus in the Temple". The "process" pictures, illustrating the various subjects, are from several of the great pictures of the world, and thus make it possible for the teacher of our little ones to add the teaching of art, which will both interest and edify the child. The lessons, like all of Mrs. Wilson's work, seem to have the peculiar quality that children can take up and appreciate.

U.

How to Strengthen the Memory. By M. S. Holbrook. New York: M. S. Holbrook & Co.

"How to Strengthen the Memory; or, Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting", is the title of a work the object of which is sufficiently explained by the title. There is little in it that is absolutely new, but its contents have perhaps never been collected together in one book before. Some of the methods of fixing particular things or events in the mind are no doubt useful. Names, for instance, the reader is told, may be more easily remembered if they are written down immediately after an introduction and afterward read over. As for strengthening the memory itself, as distinguished from the recollection of a particular thing, the book lays down no rules save that of exercise. By following the suggestions of the book, certain things, such as names, faces, numbers, etc., would probably remain more firmly fixed in the mind, but it is more than doubtful whether the memory itself would be improved to any greater extent than by an equal amount of exercise in any other direction. However, like the apparatus in a gymnasium, the book may be useful to systematize the effort to grow strong.

H. T.

The Mouse.

A MOUSE—FROM TWO STANDPOINTS.

In reading Howells's latest farce a woman would really like to know how many other women have been simply amused and how many made more or less hotly indignant by its exaggerations. As to the alleged behavior of a woman at sight of a mouse,—there are plenty of foibles of a similar kind in the behavior of a man, to match it, even supposing the general charge be true. Watch him try to drive a cat from the room, for instance, with his terrifying "scat!" and his wildly waving newspaper or severer weapon, as if it were an animal twice his size. This for some men, the other for some women, neither for all.

For my own part I must confess that the demoralized society-ladies of the farce are less interesting to me than the common field mouse has often been. To my observation there is less astir upon the open prairie than in the winter woods that our poet naturalists have made so charming. I rarely have had the good fortune to meet with any living thing except now and then a brown hare scuttling through the brown grass, or towards nightfall when some seeming heap of snow resolves itself into a jack-rabbit which bounds noiselessly away with the dark ears alert.

But the still discernible antelope trails could never have been more distinct than are the tiny runways of the mouse. There is a fascination in following these humble highways of winter travel, and a pathos in the blackened acres where fall fires have swept over many a snugly built and well-provisioned nest, which is now a charred ruin.

"That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee many a weary nibble.

* * * * *
But Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain,
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

Turning over the contents of a box one spring I came upon a mouse and her promising family of four. She instantly disappeared over the edge, but the young ones, though well developed, were not able to follow.

I called my little daughter and we both leaned on the box admiring Mrs. Mousie's babies until I was surprised to see the mother's head at the opposite side. I motioned for silence and the brave creature then dropped herself down into the box, seized one of the young mice precisely as a cat carries her kitten, in the mouth, and removed it to a place of safety some distance away. She soon returned for

a second, and then for a third and fourth, each time with evident timidity and nervous haste.

It was an exhibition of a mother's daring which the somewhat common habit of screaming at the sight of such harmless animals would have prevented me from witnessing.

JULIA S. FISHER.

MY ANT'S COWS.

One morning I met one of my ants as she was on her way to the pasture to milk her cows.

My ant, you should know, is much smaller than I; she has six legs, and her color is almost black.

The pasture was a green leaf on a rose bush. The cows were green, and had soft, roundish bodies, small heads, and very hairy limbs. From the lower part of each cow's head, between its front legs, there was a kind of small tube, by means of which the cow drew in its food. This food was the juice which it sucked out of the leaf.

My ant was climbing up the stalk of the rose-bush when I met her; and so I followed her with my eyes, for I felt sure she would go to the pasture.

Sure enough, she soon turned aside to the leaf on which these cows were feeding.

I then saw that from each cow's back sprang two little tubes, like horns. My ant walked up behind one of the cows and pressed these tubes. At once a little drop of a thick, sweet honey oozed out from the end of each tube. This my ant sipped and seemed to enjoy very much; for she went to another cow and milked it in the same way.

Then she was struck with an idea; the leaf was no longer a fit pasture for her cows, for it had already begun to wither. So she picked them up and carried them to another leaf that was fresh and green.

Here I said good-bye to my ant, and I have not seen her since. But if you would like to look at these green cows, you can see them on almost any rose-bush up and down which you find my ant traveling. And if you watch carefully very likely my ant will milk them right before your eyes.—*The Kindergarten.*

APPRECIATION.

A bright little boy about two and a-half years old was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you mustn't do that," said the father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely: "All right, papa; I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry: "Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father took the hint and said an encouraging word. Perhaps some other father may need the same hint, and may profit by the suggestion. It is not well to keep all kind words until our friends are dead, and then put them on the gravestones.—*Selected.*

"A LITTLE bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a happy home.

"A little bit of hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity
Makes glad a weary way."

IGNORANCE is no excuse for accepting results from another without taking the trouble of examining them.

Doing duty makes character, and individual character becomes the underlying structure of nationality.

—*Kate Gannett Wells.*

Unity Church Door Pulpit.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATION AT WARREN, ILL., BY JOHN R. EFFINGER.

PUBLISHED BY MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?—Psalms, viii, 4.

In the history of theological speculations, closely allied to those concerning the being of God and the nature and office of Christ, are speculations concerning human nature and the origin of sin, and over these questions the ancient fathers of the church wrestled with an energy and earnestness of feeling, which seem quite marvelous to us now, since so many of the foundation stones on which they based their theories have been broken to pieces by the hammer of science. So many of the old superstitions concerning both nature and man have taken to flight before the advance of knowledge.

About the beginning of the fourth century, Augustine made out very clearly to his own mind that man, having sprung from a fallen progenitor, Adam, was wholly defiled in soul and body, undeserving of the least favor from God and unable to do anything to lift himself out of his horrible plight. Even the smallest child, who had never done any harm, was on account of the imputation of Adam's sin included in the same case with every most hardened sinner, and like him was subject to eternal death. The British monk Pelagius, supported by Origen and others, maintained that every soul was a fresh creation from the hand of God, and though man was liable to sin from the first, yet his moral condition was not, in any true sense of the word, inherited from Adam. Each man was guilty of the sin which he had committed and none other. These leaders, each supported by an army of followers, kept up the contest between original sin and moral ability, until at length after varying fortunes, sometimes one doctrine and sometimes the other getting the advantage, the teaching of Pelagius was branded as heretical, and that of Augustine confirmed as the true doctrine of the Christian church, during the early part of the fifth century, and thereafter it became an added proof of the truth of the dogma of total depravity for any man to doubt it.

To show in what light theologians of comparatively modern date regarded our common nature, we have but to turn to the pages of the "Assembly's Catechism," which perhaps some of us learned in our childhood, which embodies the united learning and wisdom of England and Scotland as late as the seventeenth century, and which to this day remains the essential standard of what is called orthodoxy. Without lengthy quotation I give you the gist of it. "God having purposed to order it to his own glory was pleased to permit the temptation and fall of our first parents. And so they became dead in sin and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of their sin was imputed and conveyed to all their posterity. And in this way it comes that the entire human race is utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil."

This chapter of seventeenth century ecclesiastical lore marks an era of human development. It is, if I may so speak, a sort of stratification of opinion on this question, which has formed the solid material for creed-making during the last two hundred years.

In our own time, though the form of sound words is still retained, even the strictest of the Calvinistic sects are disposed to dwell but lightly upon this doctrine, making it in its practical application quite another thing than that it stood for in the minds of the old fathers.

If we inquire into the origin of such hard and gloomy views of human nature, I think we shall find that they were not imposed upon men arbitrarily as a new invention or discovery of theologians, but that they grew just as men's opinions on other subjects have grown, out of real or supposed facts of nature and life. An opinion on any subject is as much the result of the conditions under which it was formed as an ichthyosaurus, a mastodon, a fern or an oak are the product of surrounding conditions.

With but slight knowledge of the history of man on the earth, and with no knowledge whatever of science, the minds of those early writers and thinkers were engrossed with philosophic speculations.

The conception of God which had dawned upon the minds of men at that time was that of a being of perfect holiness, while the actual moral condition of the world seemed to them one of hopeless sin and depravity.

The best of men feeling the power of inherited evil in their own natures, which it required the utmost effort of will, aided by divine grace, to subject, and seeing the low moral condition of the world about them, what wonder that without the aids of such knowledge as we have to-day, human nature appeared to them an irremediable moral ruin. The language in which their thought found expression tells the story of their own dread and sorrow at the wrong and evil which met them on every hand, and of their intense longing for deliverance from the bonds of this moral servitude.

This doctrine, then, of the total moral inability of man, seems to me a pathetic monument of man's awakened moral consciousness and spiritual perceptions in the time which gave it birth. The early fathers of the church carefully guarded the character of God from the imputation of being the author of evil, and made Adam alone the responsible cause of human degeneracy. But the theologians of the seventeenth century, seeing that God, having created Adam, must be responsible for his nature, whatever it was, boldly placed the responsibility for evil upon God, saying that it pleased him to order it for his own glory.

I have no word of scorn or contempt for these men of the olden time. Taking their thought out of its relations with the time in which they lived, and subjecting it to criticism in the light of the present day, their statements may seem exaggerated and unphilosophical, but to them they were the serious and solemn truth about human nature and life. It is because they did contain a truth which appealed to the moral consciousness of mankind, that they have lived all through these centuries.

Like the wheat which retained its vitality in an Egyptian mummy for 3,000 years, a kernel of truth has been preserved in the old husks of doctrine, and it is that which makes men reverent of them to-day and keeps them still a part of the formal creed of the church. We are under no

obligation to accept the ancient form, but it is still left us to take the essential truth therein contained and recast it in the mould of our larger knowledge and experience.

In the early days of Unitarianism, which began in this country in a reaction against the old stern theology of Puritanism, as embodied in the Assembly's Catechism, the tendency was to go to the opposite extreme in the estimate of human nature and to reassert with Pelagius of old, that each soul was a fresh creation, fair and unspotted by evil, until marred by actual transgression. One effect of scientific thought, which compares our ideas and classifies our knowledge, has been to bridge the chasm between these extreme views and show us human nature not as the polluted and fiendish thing which the creeds declare it, nor yet under the rosy hues of the early reactionary movement. Those who are free to think at all, and it is very difficult in this age to keep people from thinking, have arrived at a middle ground where they see human nature as it is, revealed in the light of the more extended observation and experience of our time.

We see that just as children inherit the features of their parents, they inherit their mental and moral characteristics and tendencies, and that while nobody, even the most hardened and depraved, is entirely devoid of good, no one, even the most angelic, is wholly without defect, without something to overcome in himself. Human depravity is an actual, undeniable fact, and it is equally a fact that it is transmitted from parent to child. We see that the truth about humanity is not that it is wholly defiled in all its parts and faculties, wholly opposed to all good and wholly inclined to all evil, but that it is imperfect. And this condition of human nature, so far as we are able to judge from the facts of science and history, is not the result of a fall and gradual degradation from a perfect state. We have good reason for believing that exactly the contrary is true; that humanity has come up from very low conditions, conditions of ignorance and barbarity; and that imperfect as human society now is, its moral condition is better to-day than at any previous time in the history of our race.

The fall of man as pictured in the Old Testament is one of many similar stories by which some ancient poet sought to explain the facts of life and account for the presence of evil in the world. Biblical critics tell us that the account of the creation and fall of man cannot be traced back farther than the time of Solomon—some three thousand years after it is alleged to have occurred, that is, some eight or nine hundred years before the birth of Christ—and that it is not again alluded to in the whole Bible history until after the time of Christ. It is thought by scholars to be a fragment of some older literature which was at some time and by somebody incorporated with the history of the Jews. Every one who keeps abreast of the thought of the age knows that the old theory of the creation of the universe out of nothing in six days is now regarded as untenable by all highest authorities. The world, they tell us, has come to its present condition through changes that have been going on through countless periods of time; and that animal life of a low order must have existed millions of years before man came to conscious life on the earth, and then that millions of years more must have passed before man reached the condition in which he is first discovered to us in the researches of science; that the first traces of man on earth show him to have been, not a being perfect in knowledge and wisdom, but simply a savage similar to the lowest tribes which now exist upon the earth, and that instead of a fall and a degradation there has been a slow but steady advance in his condition. Whatever may have been the mode of his creation he has shown immense power of growth. All that the world holds of laws, religion, poetry, art, social refinement, domestic love, patriotism, moral courage, personal holiness and consecration, have bloomed out of the soul of that primitive savage, who, countless ages ago, lived upon shell-fish by the shore of the northern sea or pursued his game through the jungles of Asia.

To say this is not to put God out of the universe, but to

confess him as the power which besets us behind and before; as the great impelling power which pushes the souls of men ever onward and upward towards higher and better things, giving them a divine discontent with what they have attained, and opening before them visions of power and beauty and joy, toward the realization of which they are allured past all resistance. And so the old barbaric conditions of life gradually pass away and we emerge into the light of civilization.

It is undisputed that any fair comparison of our time with that of even a hundred years ago will show important changes and ameliorations in manners and morals, in literature and laws and institutions which express the spirit and tendency of the age. This progress, though slow, has been steady through untold ages of human existence on earth. And the moral triumphs of the past and present are the foreshadowing of greater and nobler triumphs in the years to come.

But at the same time we must not be blind to the fact of the actual evil that exists in human nature—the real depravity that mars all the relations of life and makes such hideous passages in the history of every day and year of our lives. This, I think, is the essential truth in the old dogma of total depravity. Depravity there is, deep and dark, but not total depravity. If it were total, what starting-point would there be for improvement—what ray to light the moral gloom of the world? And yet we have nothing of which to boast. The young enthusiast who expects to find in society, in church or state, the realization of his pure ideal, is too often thrown back dismayed and disheartened by the selfishness and falsehood and impurity which a closer acquaintance with affairs reveals. Sometimes in a private life that was apparently honorable and respectable a great gulf opens, revealing a depth of depravity and falsehood which is terrible to behold. Children come into the world burdened with the weaknesses and vices of their parents, and men go on from day to day cultivating habits of self-indulgence and dissipation which lead to their moral and physical ruin. The old theologian proposed a remedy for sin which was entirely consistent with his idea of human nature as totally depraved and unable to help itself. The soul utterly lost in sin must be supernaturally renewed and its guilt atoned for before it could be restored to the favor of God. Following the trend of Gnostic speculation, the man Jesus became the supernatural Savior, and even God himself, whose death on the cross was the infinite sacrifice which atoned for the violation of an infinite law. Upon him alone all hope was stayed. To such an extreme has this doctrine of man's utter dependence upon the merits of Christ been carried that it has sometimes threatened to jeopardize the interests of morality; to leave men under the delusion that a sound faith was better than a sound character; that to believe is all that is required to transport the dying sinner from a life of pollution to a heaven of purity and bliss.

It is not necessary for me at this time to emphasize our rejection, as Unitarians, of this remedy for sin. What I do want to emphasize is the fact, of which we cannot be too often reminded, that the responsibility for the moral regeneration of the world is laid upon our shoulders. God ordains to save the world not through one man alone, but through men. Manifest as has been the progress of the world in the past, and hopeful as are the signs for the future, still there is no place for idleness or indifference. It will not do to sit down and fold our arms and imagine that things will come right of themselves. We cannot doubt that the divine soul of things is working ceaselessly for the uplifting of humanity, and yet it is beyond question that human will and human effort are indispensable factors in the work of human regeneration. The demand is upon us, of course, to believe, not in an atonement, offered once for all, for our sins, but to believe in honesty, truth, intelligence, love; to believe in them with that saving faith which shall stir us mightily to work for them, both in our personal characters and in the world about us.

We want the same dread of sin and impurity which men had when it drove them out of a polluted world to seek refuge in cell and cloister that they might live lives of purity and holiness apart from the defilements of society.

But our dread of sin, instead of withdrawing us from the busy ways of life, should set us there as bulwarks in the cause of righteousness and truth, should give us courage to set our faces firmly against whatever pollutes or degrades human life, and to work with our might against whatever law or custom or opinion stands in the way of a pure and enlightened civilization. Whatever a man dreads with his whole soul he will fight against, he will ward off with all his might. So I would have such a dread of sin (by which I mean actual wrong and evil doing) take possession of our young men and women as to make them ever vigilant, ever watchful of the rights of their own souls, ever mindful of the insidious power of habit, of the pollution and degradation, the unutterable woe and misery of sensualism and vice, as will make them put forth every energy they possess to protect themselves and society from the inroads of immorality, in whatever form it may come, whether it be polygamy in Utah or intemperance and falsehood and impurity at home. Said a friend, writing to me one day, "How long will it take men to learn their own personal relation to the general good?" This is a thing we ought all to consider, that the false, the selfish, the dishonest, the impure, are so many moral plague-spot staining the atmosphere with their breath, scattering the seeds of a contagion to the souls of men more virulent and more loathsome than any that could possibly mar or disfigure their bodies.

The old theologians had an exalted conception of the majesty of God's law. So deep was their reverence before it, so strong their faith in its inviolability, that they bent in sorrowful submission to the thought that under its provisions every soul was by nature doomed to endless death, and could only be saved by a special act of grace. We think their ideas of law were founded on mistaken conceptions of both God and man, that they are false and dishonoring to the divine nature and unjust to humanity, but shall we have any less real reverence for law when we know it not as an infinite curse hanging over our heads, but as the swift retribution of wrong, the unfailing support of righteousness, the everlasting witness of the moral soundness of the universe? Shall we imagine, because God's law is not the arbitrary and unmerciful thing it has been represented, that it is possible for us to evade its power and escape its retribution? Shall we imagine that a course of idleness and folly will bring content and happiness to our hearts in the years to come? that dishonesty and wickedness can be indulged and their dire consequences be escaped? Shall the young man who steepes himself in stimulants and narcotics suppose that in spite of this his nerve-power is to be increased, his brain nourished with pure blood, his faculties strengthened, so that his chosen pursuit, whatever that may be, shall open out a path of noble success and usefulness? Shall hypocrisy and assumption, or meanness and frivolity, fill out the measure of one's manhood or womanhood and make life a grand psalm of hope and joy and progress?

We know that it cannot be. We know that whoever consents to live in the violation of physical and spiritual laws will be weakened and dwarfed in body and soul; that whoever leads a life of selfishness, or meanness, or sham, shall never gain the reward of the unselfish, the noble, the sincere; that he who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind. We know, too, that law is the mighty friend of human welfare; that whoso keeps the laws of the body gets physical health and strength; that the keeping of the laws of the mind brings mental sanity and power; that a noble, generous, unselfish life, a life of uncompromising honesty and sincerity, writes a man's face all over with characters of moral beauty and strength, and puts him into high relations with his fellows. We know that all high and lasting success in whatever department of human undertaking waits on inviolable law. As the wind pumps your water and the river grinds your corn, the law of eter-

nal right guarantees that all genuine work, whether for the upbuilding of private character or public honor, shall have some noble outcome.

The sacrifice which this law requires is self-sacrifice; the sacrifice of inordinate passions and appetites; the crucifixion of selfishness, falsehood, impurity, in order that the nobler part of our nature may have room to live and grow. The atonement which this law demands is the at-one-ment of our wills with the infinite love and purity and righteousness, and the salvation which it offers is the salvation of character.

Here, then, is the truth which we discover within the shell of the old dogma: that humanity though not fallen from a state of perfect purity is yet exceedingly imperfect; that we are the subjects of a divine law, and in proportion as we correct whatever is excessive and false and evil in ourselves we harmonize with this law; in proportion as we cultivate pure thoughts and affections and act from high motives, we shall grow towards the Christian ideal—towards that ideal humanity whose noble and benignant features shine on us from the far off heights of conquest and achievement in the years to come. Let us trust that God knew what was best for us when he ordained the struggle through which evil is to be put under foot and the highest worth and the noblest happiness attained. Let us even be glad of the toil and pain, the mistakes and sorrows through which humanity gains its ever-enlarging wealth of power and joy and love.

"So we put character first. We do not think it no matter what one believes. We think the truest thought about God and religion will naturally lead to the best life. But, wherever we see the life,—a life of real integrity and uprightness, a life in which the love of real goodness reigns supreme, an unselfish, pure, noble life,—we have no hesitation in pronouncing it God-approved, under whatever faith.

"Unitarianism ventures to say, and it thinks it says it on the authority of Jesus, as well as reason and common-sense, that goodness is goodness, just as gold is gold, in whatever die it is stamped. We think God loves goodness better than anything else, that Jesus loves it better than anything else, that it is the end and aim of his religion to produce it. So we emphasize it as of supreme importance. If it be shown that one is really a good man or woman,—good through and through,—we have not the slightest misgivings as to his influence here or his whereabouts hereafter."—From a sermon by Rev. William P. Tilden, in the *Christian Register*, on "What the Unitarianism of To-day Stands For."

"As WITH regard to other religions, so with regard to that which does not call itself religion at all, so with that which, rejecting the very name of religion, calls itself simply morality. Here is a man who is trying to do right. He does not talk of God, he does not think of God. He simply tries to do right. That man is somewhere here this morning. What does Christ say to him? We need not be in doubt, for something very like his story is written in the gospels. John said one day to Jesus, 'Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us.' And Jesus said, 'Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is on our part.'—Phillips Brooks.

RELIGIOUS truth is larger than any creed. The faith of humanity is greater than any sect. The treasure of the soul cannot be contained in the casket of any single church. The sun is not for any race alone. The ocean cannot be emptied by any people upon its shores.—*New Theology Herald*.

BETTER die for a good cause, than to see a good cause die.

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James V. Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John B. Effinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin R. Champlin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tamba Lyche, Otha P. Woolley, Emma Endicott Marcan, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—Secretary Effinger recently had an experience on a collided train and found egress through the top of a car. Before this providential opening presented itself he said he regarded the death-dealing stove that was near him "with great interest." Some damage was done to flesh and raiment, and may we hope some impulse given to the public sentiment that will demand of railway management all the protection to life that science and inventions can suggest, even though they cost something.

—Rev. A. M. Judy was in the city last week attending the meeting of the directors of the W. U. C. All is prospering at Moline and Davenport.

—The Union Teachers' meeting was of especial interest last Monday, it being an introduction of a new prophet. Mr. Utter led the conversation on Ezekiel. This book, he said, came as near being contemporaneous history as is found in the Old Testament. Ezekiel was among the early captives; began to write, perhaps, seven years before the fall of Jerusalem and continued, perhaps, five years after that event. The lesson covering the first chapters turned upon The Vision, which afforded the subject for one of Raphael's great pictures. The man, lion, bull and eagle of this vision represent in Christian art the attributes of the evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, respectively. The materialistic and florid imagery in Ezekiel, Mr. Utter recognized as the beginning of that apocalyptic literature that culminated in the Book of Revelation. It seemed to be the judgment of the class that this was only partially available as material for Sunday-school instruction, as it represented an obsolete method, and crude, imperfect conceptions of God. The lessons of the roll being first bitter, then sweet, the broadening stream, the refuted saying concerning the sins of the fathers, and the valley of dry bones were anticipated as available material in this book. Notwithstanding very unfavorable weather the attendance was large, and the class is looking forward with interest to the further study of the book.

Philadelphia.—Walt. Whitman is to give an informal talk to the Contemporary Club on the 22d.

—Gannett's discourse for Mr. Ames was a beautiful and helpful one. There was a good, though not a large, audience. It is painful to think that in this big city the countless thousands are content with the lesser word, leaving

such thought as this to its few. But there is always a to-morrow.

—The dedication of the Camden Church has been postponed till March, owing to some misadventure in the search for building supplies.

—In order that the work being done by the Library Association, at the First Church, may be seen in its just proportions, it may not be amiss to state something in figures. With five hundred volumes on its shelves, and with these in constant use among several hundred men, women and boys, it can be conceived that an important ideal is afoot. There are arrangements made by which work is given out to certain of the women who come—eighty of them, I believe, at last accounts. As many as two hundred and twenty-five strangers have stopped at the rooms of a single evening. Such noble industry, which is sufficiently open-eyed to look through the good deed to the disease which makes it necessary, and for the removal of which all society is virtually pledged, has its meaning and justification on its face.

H. L. T.

America Through Scotch Spectacles.

—Rev. Henry Williamson, Unitarian minister of Dundee, writing to the *Christian Life* of his American experiences, speaks of some things as follows: "I am afraid the existing religious institutions do not affect these masses to a very great extent. . . . The service book of the American Unitarian Association was used. It contains a fine collection of hymns, with the music. I am not sufficiently at home with the devotional service in America to be able to speak without prejudice, but I do not think that it is so generally effective as the more simple form of prayer and praise we are accustomed to. . . . Our American brethren have so much less to do than we have at home, I think we ought to ask them to help us deal with our lost masses. I do not think that it would be difficult to show that it is the duty of the highly favored branches of the English race here to give substantial help to us in Britain. The politician seems to gloat over the miseries of our poor people. The liberal Christian must respond to the call of philanthropy and help us in our hard task."

A Central Unity Club.—Officers of Unity Clubs everywhere are invited to send answers to the following questions to Rev. A. Judson Rich, Fall River, Mass.:

1. Would you be in favor of the organization of a Central Unity Club Society, of which each Unity Club or Kindred Society may be a member and be represented in the meetings of said Central Society, by a specified number of delegates?

2. Have you a Unity Club or anything answering to such an organization? What is your method of work? What ought such a club to be or do?

3. Will you help in the organization of a Central Unity Club, Society or Bureau as above named, and if so, will you appoint a delegate to a meeting to be held during next Anniversary week to perfect such general organization?

4. Please offer any further suggestions that may occur to you.

Boston.—Our Unitarian ministers are to hold a series of meetings in the "World's Museum", a place of cheap amusement in very good standing in our city. These preachers the present winter have succeeded in getting very near the great public.

—Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells is doing good service by lecturing in our small chapels on "Family Nursing of the Sick."

—William H. Baldwin, of our Young Men's Christian Union, who has been ill at home for two months, is now able to be out of doors on sunny days and to conduct his own business correspondence.

—The great Andover trial lags. Many of the

friends of the institution say that if the accused professors can be legally evicted the university were better abandoned and a new university be established and maintained by the orthodox denominations with a charter written after a progressive Christian ideal.

Gilmanton, Wis.—*Dear Unity:* The Unitarian Society at Gilmanton is still striving nobly to prove its fitness to survive. The ladies gave an oyster supper and entertainment (musical and literary) last Wednesday evening for the benefit of the minister. It was a success, socially and financially. The music was excellent and the dramas were well acted. The oysters were the very best, and the supper altogether would have delighted the most fastidious epicure. The ladies sold several dollars' worth of pop-corn and home-made candy. Everybody was happy and well satisfied with the result. Our society now numbers sixty-three members, all in earnest, hopeful, enthusiastic and devoutly loyal to the Unitarian faith.

NATHANIEL THE HERMIT.

California.—Even this new state of gold has in it 9,481 dependent and defective persons besides 1,800 criminals. The insane alone cost the state \$492,545.95. They need more ideas and moral training in their schools.

A Fearful Leap

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of short-sightedness is taken by thousands who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from \$5 to \$25 a day and upwards. Some have made over \$50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvelous food and medicine.

Some Great Problems Solved.

"Coal, its Origin", 48 pages, 25 cents. "The Deluge", 20 pages, 12 cents (both for 30 cents). "The Story of the Rocks." Sample pages free. Address, I. N. VAIL (geologist), Barnesville, Ohio.

"Gardening is an employment for which no man is too high or too low." This is the quaint but apt quotation on the beautiful illuminated cover of Vaughan's New Seed Catalogue for 1887. It is one of the richest and most elegant of the season, avoiding entirely the "flashiness" so common in many of these publications. Address with two stamps, J. C. Vaughan, 42 LaSalle St., Chicago.

California Excursions.

Our next Pullman Palace-Car Excursion for San Francisco will leave Chicago February 22 and March 8, and Kansas City and St. Louis February 23 and March 9. The latter includes City of Mexico. The Southern route. No storm region or snow blockades; no high altitudes. The tourists' favorite. Tickets good for six months. No charge to return different route. Very lowest rates. Send for circular.

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Passenger Agent Missouri Pacific R. R.,
86 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

STUDENTS OF BROWNING WILL FIND MUCH to interest and assist them in the little handbook, "Outline Studies of Robert Browning's Poetry," published for the Chicago Browning Society, by Charles H. Kerr & Co. A complete classification of the entire works of the poet is made, arranged for the guidance of clubs and classes. In connection with this a sketch of the so-called "Browning Movement" is given, with a plan of the work, and the rules that govern the Chicago organization.—*Boston Transcript*.

The book is published in two editions, cloth at 50 cents, paper at 25 cents; either mailed on receipt of price by the publishers, CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.